

DAMON and PHEBE;

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

By THOMAS HORDE, Jun. Esq;

Ridet, hoc inquam, Venus ipsa — Rident
Simplices Nymphae, gratus et Cupido,
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas

Cote cruenta.

HORACE.

O X F O R D:

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most Country Booksellers; and by the AUTHOR, at the Grammar
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M DCC LXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

S Y L V I U S, a rich Shepherd, Father to **P H E B E**.

F A U N U S, his Neighbour.

C O R R Y N, Son to **FAUNUS**, an Admirer of
P H E B E.

D A M O N, a rich Yeoman, in Love with **P H E B E**.

S I M O N, a Countryman.



W O M E N.

P H E B E, Daughter to **S Y L V I U S**, in Love with
D A M O N.

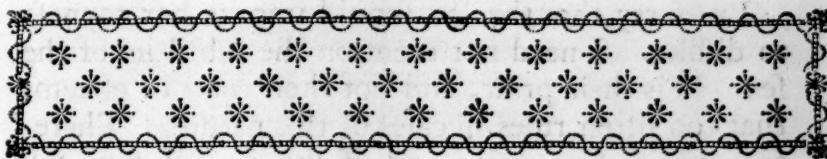
D O R Y, a Country Girl.

REAPERS, SHEPHERDS, SHEPHERDESSES, &c.

SCENE, A Country Village and its Confines.

P R O L O G U E.

MUSICK has Pow'r to sooth the Savage Mind,
And charm each Breast with Passion more refin'd ;
Imprison'd Sense to rule with soft Controul,
And bind with easy Chain the captive Soul.
Witness the Thracian Bard ! whose godlike Lay
The ravish'd Hills and list'ning Woods obey.
Tuning the trembling Strings to lofty Strain,
Each wond'ring Object feels the pleasing Pain.
The Trees by secret Instinct seem to move,
And soon appears in sight a moving Grove.
Erinnys vanquish'd (as we're told of yore)
Was known to weep, that never wept before.—
Stopt was the Current of each murmur'ring Rill,
Spirits shed Tears,—Ixion's Wheel stood still.
Such is the Pow'r harmonious Notes acquire,
Such Sound, such Rapture, grace the lovely Lyre.
To-night our rural Swain will surely prove
Rough, unadorn'd, nor elegant in Love.
The sportive Muse approves our plain Resort,
Nor quits the verdant Lawn to shine at Court.
And leaving Pomp, inspires our Poet's Brain,
To dress in Nature's Robe the Country Swain.
But soft,—a Word,—Our Author bid me stay
And crave your Sanction ere I went away :
If this new Picture, sketch'd by Drama's Laws,
With mimic Feature, gains the least Applause,
To his Performance grant a weekly Lease,
Some kind Allowance make,—and save the Piece.



DAMON and PHEBE.



A C T I.

S C E N E I. *A Field.*

Enter SYLVIA and FAUNUS.

S Y L V I U S.

I N honest plainess then, I like your offer; and if the Maid be as willing as her Father, on Thursday next the Priest shall make them one.

F A U N U S.

Enough. But Corryn tells me that the maid is coy, and will not listen to his overtures; therefore I must entreat you to let the damsel know, that if she thinks of changing her condition, Corryn is the swain you would recommend.

S Y L V I U S.

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S Y L V I U S.

I'm sorry that the lad should impute her coyness to dislike. I need not mention the subtleties of the sex. 'Tis their pride, and not their want of esteem, that too often rules in cases of this nature. Therefore advise him well; and if she is still shy, tell him he must press her home, and when she finds he'll no denial take, trust me but she'll be as willing to go to church, as he to have her.

A I R.

*If at first you should find
The maid not inclin'd,
Unwilling to grant you the favour ;
The best you can do,
Give Hymen his due,
And let the priest join you together.*

This is my advice; and if Corryn pursues it, take my word she is his. But I must now go among my Reapers,—till anon, your servant, sir.

Exeunt.

S C E N E II. *Sylvius's Farm.*

P H E B E.

How hard is my lot! How deplorable my situation! My father insists on my matranging a man, for whom I cannot possibly entertain the least regard.—What will become of me? Must I in compliance to my father's harsh commands marry Corryn, and renounce my dear, dear Damon! No, that's impossible: besides, I have promis'd Damon my hand, and I'm determin'd to fulfil my vow, let what will be the consequence.

A I R.

A I R.

*Be thou, god of am'rous power,
To a wretched virgin kind;
Bring, in thy propitious hour,
Balm to heal a wounded mind.*

Enter CORRYN hastily.

C O R R Y N.

Well, Phebe, I am come once more to know
your resolution.

P H E B E.

You know, Corryn, I have repeatedly told you
to think of me no more; for tho' I ever have
esteemed you as a friend, yet, to be sincere, I can-
not like you as a husband; therefore I once more
intreat you to cease your solicitations.

C O R R Y N.

Why will you be so cruel, dear Phebe, to one
that adores you? You likewise know the friend-
ship that subsists between our parents, and that an
union between us wou'd make them compleatly
happy.

P H E B E.

Corryn, if your affection inclines to make me
happy, withdrawing your pretences I shall take as
a grand proof of it.

C O R R Y N. Dearest Phebe, prithee hear me;

I thinke what pain it is to part:
See a swain that doth adore thee;
Cruel looks will break his heart.

P H E B E. Fly, thou basilisk to love;

Go, thou fond, insulting swain;
If thou wou'dst my pity move,
Never see me once again.

C O R R Y N.

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CORRYN. *Cruel Phebe, prithee, stay:*

PHEBE. *Prithee, Corryn, baste away.*

CORRYN. *Since I must for ever leave thee,
One salute, and then I go;
Other lasses may relieve me.*

PHEBE. *Sir, then seek 'em high and low.*

[Exit Corryn.

Enter SYLVIUS.

S Y L V I U S.

Well, Phebe, I hope by this time you have consider'd what I last said to you.

I have, Sir, and I have farther thought, that

it is the duty of every child to follow the advice of a tender parent.

S Y L V I U S.

That's a good girl.

PHEBE.

But when a father loves his child, (as I am very sensible you do me) he ought in some measure to consult her happiness, as well as his own.

S Y L V I U S.

Say on, Phebe.

PHEBE.

Then know, my dearest father, that, tho' I esteem Corryn as a friendly neighbour and companion, I must not, cannot, like him for a husband.

S Y L V I U S.

How?

PHEBE.

D A M O N A N D P H E B E. 9

P H E B E.

This, Sir, is my determination; and since I have us'd no artifices to conceal it, I hope you will forgive my plain sincerity. Having made this declaration, be assur'd I will never change my present condition, to your detriment or my own disadvantage. [Exit.

[Exit.]

SYLVIA alone.

S Y L V I U S.

Ha, gone! I know not what to make of all this. There must be something more than common by her mysterious drift; and I must, if possible, sift the bottom out. Therefore I must desire Corryn and his father to meet me here to-morrow morning. I am determin'd, at all events, she shall marry him. Zounds, a little slut to distract me thus.

A I R.

How tender parents are perplex'd
In this.

In this ungracious age!

*I am bubbled, cheated, sorely vex'd,
A prey to swelling rage.*

II.

*The storm arising in my brain,
Hath ev'ry project crost;
The port serene, no more I gain,
Poor Reason's bark is lost. [Exit in a passion]*

SCENE III.

A distant grove seen from the field.

Enter DAMON.

D A M O N.

These yellow sheaves of corn forerun plenty,
By the goodness of providence, we shall be free

B from

10 D A M O N A N D P H E B E.

from scarcity, if what the learned call monopoly be no more. But, ah me! what will this general blessing be to poor Damon? What, tho' abundance be a bodily comfort, it is no balm to heal a disordered mind. I am enslav'd by the tyranny of Phebe's father; my heart's in fetters, which can be shook off with life alone. Unhappy shepherd! thou art depriv'd of that liberty which the meanest reptile enjoys.

A I R.

*Charms of freedom, now no more
Cull'd from heav'n's immortal store,
Say, where gone, and there ye stray,
Fled from Damon late away.*

II.

*Freedom ev'ry joy can bring,
Freedom crowns its master king;
Little birds that here can rove,
Warbling freedom, warbling love,
Hail thee, goddess of the grove.*

III.

*Bondage limps with Death its mate,
Bringing Sorrow, bringing Fate;
Tho' the slave with food is fed,
Yet the moving clod is dead.*

[Retires musing.

Enter PHEBE.

P H E B E.

What a severe struggle betwixt love and duty! Well, I cou'd almost prefer wretchedness to such uncertainty. What division do I find in my poor little heart! Duty commands, but love's a strong temptation to disobedience. I dread my errors, yet I fear to have gone too far to be advis'd.

A I R.

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A I R.

*The Cock perverse thus brav'd the Well,
And scorn'd parental care;
The lovely ruin look'd so bright,
It cancell'd ev'ry fear.*

II.

*High on the margin, see he stands,
To view the deathly charms.
So I'll leap off the brink of fate,
To die in Damon's arms.*

DAMON comes forward.

PHEBE.

Ha! here he comes: I'll seem indifferent. A little trial may teach me wisdom, or paint the youth in the colours I cou'd wish. I warrant this letter has put him in a fine panic.

DAMON.

Cruel epistle! what anxious disquietude has this paper created?—Let me consider.—Perhaps forged by Corryn.—

PHEBE.

How now, Damon? You look pensive. What, in love? Pray, with whom? If any female friend of mine has captivated, my interest shall not be wanting to procure a reciprocal esteem. Can I serve you?

DAMON.

Yes. I wou'd willingly know, if these lines were penn'd by you, or if they were the malice of my rival Corryn, to impose on my credulous temper.

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P H E B E.

Alas, Damon! They are surely mine; written, heaven knows, with much reluctance. To be short, I am not at my own disposal; and Sylvius insists on my receiving Corryn as a lover.

D A M O N.

Ah me! cruel girl, can you yield to his entreaty?

P H E B E.

Damon, adieu: I can no more—But grant me this favour—’tis a speedy parting.

D A M O N.

What can Damon deny his dear Phebe? Yet why should you enjoin me to sacrifice my own quiet?

A I R.

*Why should my dear damsel forsake her fond swain,
And cloud her sweet features with low'ring disdain?
While, like the bright sun which the Persians adore,
She veils her own glory, nor shines as before.*

II.

*Come, once more, dear Phebe, soft vows we'll repeat,
Poor Damon will languish and dye at thy feet.
But yet, take compassion, nor Damon destroy;
Oh! raise him to empire, to love, and to joy.*

P H E B E.

This is making courtship like a man of learning. See the benefit of a free school education. But to be sincere, you are wealthy, and can chuse for yourself. I am totally dependent, and cannot. And if my parent should prove relentless, I bring no fortune, and so am not your equal.

D A M O N.

Ungenerous maid. How can I value riches, but as they are useful to you?

A I R.

D A M O N A N D P H E B E. 13

A I R.

*Hence with bauble crown of kings,
And ambitious soaring wings.
Hence the regal robe of state,
Empty pageant of the great.
Surely chiefs of woe and fear,
Foes to ev'ry joy sincere.*

II.

*All I beg is love refin'd,
Noblest passion of the mind.
Theme of ev'ry rural lyre,
Flame exalted, purest fire.*

P H E B E.

Well, if thus you think, I cannot longer disseminate. My hand and heart are henceforth jointly yours; how can I ill requite such elegant sentiments?

A I R.

*Name all the vices in the mind,
Wherewith mankind are curst,
(Nay, were they all together join'd)
Ingratitude's the worst.*

II.

*Ab! let me, Damon, lead my life
In frugal plenty's board,
Not knowing how much noise and strife
The factious courts afford.*

III.

*At noon-day overspread with vines,
Near some clear fountain sleep,
And when the drooping sun declines,
Go, fold the bleating sheep.*

D A M O N.

Thou best of women: my substance is sufficient to bless us both.

A I R.

A I R.

*From that eastern hill,
To yon purling rill,
Is every acre my land.
The plowing, the sowing,
The reaping, the mowing,
Are all at my command.
Without any sham,
As good landlord I am
As e'er in the shire can be found.
Poor's rate I defray,
And taxes I pay,
No tenant e'er broke on my ground.*

P H E B E.

I'm much affected: his very looks confess an honest soul.

D A M O N.

Come, no more trifling; let's to Parson Darella, he grants licences, and is reckon'd the best Bondsman in the country.

A I R.

DAMON. *Come, my charmer, let's away.*

PHEBE. *Duty calls, I must obey:*

Cruel duty! — Cupid now —

DAMON. *Will no thinking time allow;*

Dear enchanting Phebe, go.

PHEBE. *Love says ay, but duty, no.*

DAMON. *Here thy faithful Damon woo,*

Break thro' duty, sweet one, do.

PHEBE. *If I break it, 'tis for you.*

Ambo. *Armed with innocence we'll rove*

Thro' yon pleasant, shady grove,

To the steeple then repair,

All the graces harbour there.

Thence away to verdant cot,

Firm in Hymen's sacred knot. [Chorus, &c.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

*Another part of the Field, with Reapers, some reaping,
others binding wheat.*

A I R.

1st. Reaper. **H**AEL, oh parent, mother earth!
Whence all mortals owe their birth.
Fruitful land; oh happy soil!
Crowning thus, the reapers toil. Chorus.

II.

2d. Reaper. See the blades of ripen'd corn,
That the yellow sheaves adorn;
See the glebe that Ceres crown'd:
Therefore let us dance around. Chorus.

III.

1st. Reaper. Now we labour'd all the day,
Let us foot it, sing and play;
And our tired limbs regale,
Drinking happy nut-brown ale. Chorus.

IV.

2d. Reaper. Hand in hand, then let us walk,
Guling weary steps with talk;
Laughing, jesting, let us go,
Flirting, skipping, as the roe.
Welcome, pleasant time of th' year,
Welcome, harvest, welcome here. Chorus.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

A Meadow near a River.

Enter DORY.

D O R Y.

What! not Simon here to drive the cows?
 Mayhap he's off: perchance I'm not fine enough,
 No matter for that. Low as I look, I'm as honest
 as Madam.

A I R.

*Tho' poor I am drest,
 And look distrest
 In linsey-woolsey gown,
 Yet here I find
 As pure a mind
 As those who wear a crown.*

II.

*If common cap,
 And plain white strings
 Are only my desire,
 Pray, where's the loss
 That fashion brings
 Of culveteen and wire?*

III.

*Let ladies at their toilets sit,
 Paint, patch, to mend their faces,
 And counterfeiting modish fit,
 Strain, 'till they burst their laces.*

IV.

*I carry pail, or mould of cake,
 Or dinner cook for Jemmy,
 Else bie me to some country wake,
 And dance it down with Simmy.*

Enter

THE PHÆTHON AND DAMON AND PHEBE. 17

Enter SIMON, singing.

SIMON.

There was a jovial tinker,
That travell'd far and near;
A handy rogue to mend a pot,
Or bouze a can of beer.
But yet the neighbours curst him,
For this wild son of a whore,
Where'er he mended one hole,
Wou'd surely make a score.

So wench.—Ah, the devil! is it you? I must be civil a bit.—Well baggage, I can tell you news,—that's what I can.

DORY.

I hope it's good.—Out with it.

SIMON.

I'm going,—I'm going to be married.

DORY.

Right, Simon, I always said you was an honest lad, and wou'd keep your promise.

SIMON.

Promise!—what promise?—That goes thro' my bones to the very marrow. [Aside.

DORY.

Promise!—ay. Sure your memory wants refreshing. Did you not promise to marry me? Your understanding cou'd not be duller, if I had been obliged to you for a green gown.

SIMON.

Looke, don't trifle, Dory, I'm engaged.

C

DORY.

D O R Y.

Great news, indeed. Why do you dilly dally, like a great lord to a poor fellow that wants a place at court? Why don't you fix the day for the wedding?

S I M O N.

Fix! — you wiseacre, why 'tis fixt? Joan looks as fine in her holidays cloaths, as a lady's chamber-maid.

D O R Y *srikes.*

Oh, you perfidious rascal! How shepherds do dwindle! The only people that used to be honest, are come to as bad a pass as the great folk.

S I M O N.

Harkee wench, Joan has a pretty legacy left. Money makes the mare trot. A homely proverb. When I was at school, Dame Spectacle taught it me out of the Psalter.

D O R Y.

The devil take your proverbs. I wish they were all made up in a wheat sheaf, and Joan the bandage. Curse the jade and her pelf. Have I not bloom and beauty as well as Joan? Ha?

S I M O N.

Prithee, girl, don't play the fool.

A I R.

Beauty, bloom, are gilded pills
I can't afford to swallow:
'Tis like a bare, which stated, men
Are only fit to follow.

II.

If marriage is a quagmire,
And so very wide and deep,
I've rightly thought to view the mound,
Still looking before I leap.

D O R Y.

DORY.

Well, Simon, all these protestations are come to nothing. I declare I will never believe any man again, that is my equal, 'till I smell the church and common prayer book.

AIR.

*Ye nymphs that trip over the sweet verdant plain,
Believe not the wooing, the promising swain ;
For when you are bound by soft flattery's yoke,
They laugh in their sleeve, and declare 'twas a joke.*

II.

*No more make your youth or your beauty your pride,
In riches alone can a maiden confide.
The heart of each man is put up to be sold,
Not purchas'd with beauty, but purchas'd with gold.*

SIMON.

Ha, ha, ha, poor Dory! Farewell. Get rich, and purchase love. [Exit, singing.

DORY.

Well, now I'll go to the willow, and cry for the loss of my sweetheart.—No, I'd better go to my pail, and be merry 'till I can get another.

Enter CORRYN.

CARRYN.

I am jilted, abused by a little vixen, a jade who is fond of giving torment. She will afflict with diseases, but not in the least contribute to the cure. I'll not add to the number of her slaves. Corryn was never born to grace her triumphs. She has made me humble, but it never shall be in her power to make me miserable. I will marry for mere spite. I will shew her that the whole sex is not averse to me.—Ha,—who is here?

D O R Y.

The time of day, friend.—Can you so soon forget me? We are both of an age, and were nursed together.

C O R R Y N *aside.*

Her simple air and freedom of speech have something charming.

D O R Y.

You seem out of humour, sir.

C O R R Y N *aside.*

How different is this girl to the proud coquet I've lost.

D O R Y.

I doubt you're ill, sir. I'll call Simon back to fetch a doctor. But, oh, I forgot, he's gone to be married.

C O R R Y N.

Married! To whom?

D O R Y.

I'll tell you all. He promised me; but, Joan has a portion now, so he takes her, and leaves poor Dory to the next comer.

C O R R Y N.

Poor girl! I'm in the same hole. I've quarelled with my father, am jilted by my love, and turned adrift to the wide world.

D O R Y.

Shall you and I then make a match?

C O R R Y N.

I'll embrace the occasion. I'll be now compleatly happy, or quite ruin'd. Heaven or hell for me, I admit of no purgatory.

C O R R Y N.

D O R Y.

C

C O R R Y N.

A good frank lass, As to my father's anger—
In Ne'er regard it. If he will not own us as son
and daughter, he cannot hinder our working for
daily bread.

C O R R Y N.

True. And I hope this marriage will plague
other people, if it is no service to ourselves; and
if industry fails at home, I will enlist for a soldier.

A. I. R.

COR. Farewell, then false Phebe, thou passionate witch.
DOR. Adieu, then false Simon, wed one that is rich.
COR. No motives of int'rest my flame shall disgrace,
No sordid ambition my footsteps shall trace;
But Hymen and Cupid the deed shall approve,
And bless us with peace and an innocent love.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter SYLVIUS and FAUNUS.

F A U N U S.

So, I've affronted my son on your account, and
stirred in the affair till I look consumptive; and after
all, you talk of drawing stakes.

S Y L V I U S.

Harkee, neighbour: I can't like a disobedient
son in-law, who will not follow my advice. Do I
not know my daughter's temper better than he.

F A U N U S.

If her temper is as whimsical as her father's, she
is a right woman.

S Y L V I U S.

SYLVIUS.

No reflection on my disposition, sir. If your numpskull had followed my directions, she would have yielded ere now. Zounds, am I to stand father, lover, bridegroom, and every thing?

FAUNUS.

No disparagement to my boy, sir. He can wed her betters.

SYLVIUS.

Falsehood in thy teeth, she is meat for his master, sir. My girl is handsome, witty, wife, and deserving.

FAUNUS.

And no wife for my son, I assure you. I'll pardon Corryn's hasty humour, and we'll beat the bush for fresh game.

SYLVIUS.

I tell you, friend, we have talked so long about it, that we do nothing but jangle; and if I find my wench hates Corryn but half so much as I thy turbulent genius, I'll pardon her next imprudence, be it what it will.

FAUNUS.

And if Corryn will hate thy maxims, as I thy caprice, he is at his own choice without consulting me.

SILVIUS.

Well said, thou man of mettle.

A I R.

*Corryn sure shall living single
Ev'ry marriage-tye refuse;
For his neck doth seem to tingle,
Fated to the hangman's noose.*

FAU.

II.

FAU. *Phebe, sir, shall, turning Roman,
To some nunnery repair;
Yield her maiden heart to no man,
But religious hardships bear.*

III.

*Thro' her cell in sad attire
Ev'ry secret failing tell;
And if meeting no kind Friar,
Dying shall lead apes in hell.*

Enter DAMON and PHEBE.

DAMON.

Sir, I restore a daughter to your arms, and
kneel to ask your blessing as a son.

SYLVIUS.

So, so; I find you thought fit to ask my daughter
to bless you first.

DAMON.

Sir, if she has begun a good action, I hope your
forgiveness will compleat it. You know my cir-
cumstances are in all respects equal to yours.

SYLVIUS.

Zounds, friend, who made any reflections on
your poverty? I want to know why you married
the girl without my consent.

FAUNUS.

And I want to know how she could be long
enough in the mind to marry any body.

SYLVIUS.

S Y L V I U S.

Peace, neighbour, look to your own looby.
'Sdeath, hussey, I'm angry. What defence can you make for giving a parent all this vexation.

P H E B E.

Hear me, sir,—my declaration shall be very candid. I could not let my quiet fall a victim to the arms of Corryn, but lent an easy ear to Damon's tale. Marriage has proved his intent honourable. This was my first, and shall be my last disobedience. I have no excuse for this my failing, but a sincere affection for Damon.

A I R.

*Love's a noble godlike passion,
Essence of delight below.
Nuptials made by tyrant Fashion
Are alone to bliss a foe.*

II.

*When two hearts are once united,
Turtle-like we happy prove:
Nothing utterly has blighted
Sweet affection, tender love.*

S Y L V I U S.

Well, young man, the girl pleads feelingly.

F A U N U S.

So he'll find before to-morrow morning, or I am deceived.

S Y L V I U S.

Meddle, friend, with no one's matters but thy own. [To Damon.] As she has not degraded me by her hasty choice, I forgive you both. Use her well, and you shall find me a father.

D A M O N .

DAMON.

According to the treatment she receives from me, so may I be respected!

Enter CORRYN and DORY.

CORRYN.

Forgive, sir, this rash action. But if you cannot excuse me, let me be banished your presence without reproach.

FAUNUS.

An ungracious whoresbird! to bring a minx under my nose, and then ask pardon. You saucy villain! the horse-pond is too delicate correction for you.

DORY.

Mynx, quotha,—I scorn your words. I wont be call'd names, tho' you keep a team, and farm your own land.

CORRYN.

Peace, Dory. Learn better words, and shew more manners to your father.

FAUNUS.

Father! I her father! I shall die under the burden. I'm sure one such child as you is too much for any reasonable man in Great Britain. Thou wert born for nothing but destruction.

AIR.

*If Adam pray'd Heaven to send him a boy,
And add to his Eden a fatherly joy;
His petition was heard, and he pray'd not in vain,
For lo, came the homicide, damnable Cain.*

D

They

II.

*They both were sad fellows, but Corryn's a thief,
He weighs down his father with sorrow and grief;
Cain leaving ill practice his mark down did lay,
And Corryn, detested, has stole it away.*

D A M O N.

Sir, Corryn is no thief; unless stealing of a match can be properly called pilfering. Come,—
Excuse—

F A U N U S *interrupting.*

Sir, he has a tongue in his head, and can answer for himself.

S Y L V I U S.

Silence, Damon. Let the old fool take his humour.

P H E B E.

Dear sister bride, you have the stream to swim yet. I am now landed on the happy side of the bank.

C O R R Y N.

I wait to hear my final doom; and shall, sir, submit to what circumstances your temper and fortune impose.

F A U N U S.

I shall be choaked with fury! Oh, I know the drab! — Pray, sir, is a milkmaid a fit wench for a gentleman farmer's son? This is the fruits of being trained up at a free-school. Oh, my folly! Will Ovid or Virgil give the wench a dower? Or will Parnassus yield feed to stock an acre of land? Was ever any thing like this?

C O R R Y N.

CORRYN.

Yes, sir; many things have been like this. First, I may safely say, I have married a woman of virtuous character.

SYLVIUS

That, I'm sure, can be testified by all.

FAUNUS

Character! Provoking beyond measure. Can you fix her character to the spit by a fire instead of a surloin.

AHLR.

*I'm for nought but ready rino,
Charms and sprightly wit will fade,
Wise men leaving all for riches,
Grasp the substance, quit the shade.*

DAMON.

Let not so vile a passion as avarice possess you, neighbour. I'll answer that what the young bride wants in fortune, she'll make up in diligence and good behaviour. Let us all intercede for the young couple.

SYLVIUS.

Hear them,—for shame, hear them.

FAUNUS.

Trouble your head with your own new-married pair.

CORRYN, *While at your feet I prostrate kneel,
kneeling. Think you your children see.
Ob, may your bosom mercy feel,
To pardon Doll and me!*

28 D A M O N A N D P H E B E.

D O R Y . *Tho' country girl, let Dory's tears
Incline your heart to pity,
And lend a while your lift'ning ears
To hear our doleful ditty.*

D A M O N .

C o m e , S i r , f o r g i v e t h e f a l l i e s o f f o r w a r d y o u t h ,
w e a r e a l l f a u l t y .

F A U N U S .

B u t t h e d o g ' s r u i n ' d

P H E B E .

G o o d S i r , f o r g e t , f o r g i v e . T h e t w o w e d d i n g s ,
c e l e b r a t e d t o g e t h e r , w i l l s a v e e x p e n c e s .

D A M O N .

C o n s i d e r , t h e a f f a i r i s f i n i s h ' d , a n d w h a t ' s d o n e
c a n n o t b e u n d o n e .

F A U N U S .

Y e s , b u t i t c a n a n d s h a l l : f o r I w i l l p u t S y l v i u s
t o b e d t o h e r b e f o r e w i t n e s s , a n d t h e n g e t h e r
d i v o r c e d f r o m C o r r y n .

S Y L V I U S .

N o , I t h a n k y o u , f r i e n d , I a m q u i t e o f f s p e e d .

A I R .

*O b ! w h e n i n m y y o u t h , I ' d a f l a t t e r i n g t o n g u e ,
I l e a p ' d i n t h e m e a d o w , I d a n c ' d , a n d I s u n g .
B u t n o w t h e y o u n g g i r l s a r e n o m o r e o f m y c a r e ,
M y g r a n d s a t i s f a c t i o n ' s a t w o - e l b o w ' d c h a i r ,*

D A M O N .

D A M O N A N D P H E B E. 29

D A M O N

Come Master Faunus; I ask pardon for my fellow-criminals, in behalf of the whole company.

F A U N U S.

Well, Corryn, you might have done better. But you must now pinch a little: as you have sow'd, so must you reap. However, in the main, I forgive both.

C O R R Y N and D O R Y *kneel.*

Say after me, Dory:—In this humble posture, we express our gratitude.

D A M O N.

Then, let us join hands; and being united in the bonds of friendship, we'll make a holiday. Come in, brother swains, and all your fond shepherdesses; ev'ry one take his partner, and dance at the wedding.

[*Here a Dance.*

T H E E N D.

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E P I L O G U E.

*SAVE me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
Ye sacred Nine.—What fear this writing brings!
How bold the man in this inconstant age,
Who trusts his virgin Muse to public rage!
Arraign'd at bar, behold the culprit stand,
With moving accent, and expressive hand,
Pleading aloud for life.—He's not to blame;
Was ev'ry critic here, he'd do the same.
First, then the Pit,—ye judge of strictest laws,
We crave your mercy in the author's cause.
If you, your partial favour can dispense,
Let close endeavour pass for sterling sense.
May pity's sun shine forth with potent ray,
And chase the cloud of cruelty away.
Well.—Next the Upper Regions I implore,
Think—'tis a dreadful thing to be no more.
Some respite give, nor doom the pris'ner dead,
With all his imperfections on his head.
But soft, fair Dames, 'tis you must damn or save,
Mark not the measure of a new-made grave.
Since female goodness, (like Apollo shews,
Fixing its laurel on poetic brows)
From your bright eyes may heavenly candour beam,
Varnish each fault, and gild the rural theme,
Iferr'd to night, 'tis what all bards have done;
For true perfection centers not in one.*

*Save me, and hover, &c. Hamlet.
With all his imperfections, &c. Hamlet.
Mark not the measure, &c. Romeo and Juliet.*

F I N I S